

T H E
DISCONSOLATE SAILOR.

WRITTEN BY

G. S. C A R E Y.

WHEN my money was gone that I gain'd in the wars,
And the world 'gan to frown at my fate,
What matter'd my zeal, or my honoured scars,
When indifference stood at each gate?

The face that would smile when my purse was well lin'd,
Shew'd a different aspect to me;
And when I could nought but ingratitude find,
I hied once again to the sea.

I thought it unwise to repine at my lot,
Or bear with cold looks on the shore,
So I pack'd up the trifling remnants I'd got;
And a trifle, alas! was my store.

A handkerchief held all the treasure I had,
Which over my shoulder I threw;
Away then I trudg'd, with a heart rather sad,
To join in some jolly ship's crew.

The sea was less troubled by far than my mind;
For when the wide main I survey'd,
I could not help thinking the world was unkind,
And Fortune a slippery jade:

And I vow'd, if once more I could take her in tow,
I'd let the ungrateful ones see,
That the turbulent winds and the billows could shew
More kindness than they did to me.